

# The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 41. NO. 25

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1908.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## Let us Estimate on Painting Your House

We have experienced men and our quality of paints cannot be excelled. Drop me a line and I will cheerfully look over your property and give you my lowest estimate on painting your house or papering your rooms. Finest line of Wall Paper ever shown in Smyrna,

## FROM 3 CENTS UP

Full line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Putty, &c. Give us your Spring order for painting your house now.

All work Guaranteed to be First-Class. We will contract to do work anywhere.

We pay carfare on orders received north of Smyrna of three rooms or more.

**HARVEY JONES,** PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER "FOUR CORNERS," SMYRNA, DEL.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BULLETIN.

### JUNE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Restful, delightful, interesting, and instructive, there is no trip like that on the Great Lakes, those inland seas which form the border line between the United States and Canada. And June is one of the most charming months in the year in which to take the trip.

For comfort the fine passenger steamships of the Anchor Line have no superiors. As well-appointed as the palatial ocean greyhounds which plow the Atlantic, their schedule allows sufficient time at all stopping places to enable the traveler to see something of the great lake cities and to view in daylight the most distinctive sights of the lakes, and the scenery which frames them.

The trip through the Detroit River, and through Lake St. Clair, with its great ship canal in the middle of the lake, thence through Lake Huron, the locking of the steamer through the great locks at the Soo, and the passage of the Portage Entry, lake and canal, across the upper end of Michigan are novel and interesting features.

The voyage from Buffalo to Duluth covers over eleven hundred miles in five days' journey. Leaving Buffalo, the steamships Juniata and Tionesta, make stops at Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, the Soo, Marquette, Houghton and Hancock, and Duluth.

The 1908 season opens on June 16, when the Steamer Tionesta will make her first sailing from Buffalo.

The Anchor Line is the Great Lake Annex of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the service measures up to the high standard set by the "Standard Railroad of America."

An illustrated folder, giving sailing dates of steamers, rates of fare, and other information is in course of preparation, and may be obtained when ready from any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent, who is also prepared to book passengers who may desire to take this trip through the Great Lakes and back.

## Valuable Farm For Sale QUICK--167 Acres

Four Miles from Middletown, on State Road,

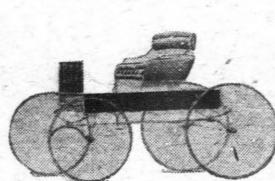
Price Only \$40.00 Per Acre.

Splendid location and a good piece of land. I want this farm sold in two weeks so I can make room for other property. Come for particulars.

### MONEY TO LOAN ON FIRST MORTGAGES.

**E. H. BECK,** Middletown, Delaware.

Be Sure You Get the Best



For your Money--You are entitled to it.

With the VIEW OF ASSISTING YOU and for the benefit of dealers, our Repository is now open for your inspection. A full line of top Carriages, Surries and Runabouts.

### Anderson's Carriages

Consists of a full assortment of all grades; combining high standard of quality, style, finish, and most important of all--individualities, which will appeal to the most critical. "Tis these superior merits which make Anderson Carriages popular and most appreciated, and places them in a distinct class to themselves.

Popular prices--Prices within reach of all and not exorbitant.

### CALL AND SEE THEM

Diamond State Harness, Gall Cure Horse Collars, Blankets, Robes, Leather Nets and Summer Lap Dusters.

### J. C. PARKER & SON CO.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

### Green's Ferment Laboratories!

#### Lactine

An absolutely harmless treatment for digestive disorders

In opening my laboratory for the public's patronage I offer the most advanced scientific treatment for nearly all disorders of the digestive tract. This treatment has been developed and have simply taken advantage of work already done and brought it nearer perfection. This advanced thought is recognized by Europe's most prominent scientists, Metchnikoff, Haymen, Gilbert, Biehl, Van Nordstrand and innumerable others but in this country other men of science have not had sufficient opportunity to familiarize themselves.

I wish every one suffering with digestive disorders to understand this absolutely harmless treatment, and learn of my guarantee of its positive success even in cases of long standing that have failed to yield to other treatments. I will be at the laboratories between 9 A. M. to 12 M., 1:30 to 4:30 P. M. and I will gladly explain everything. Then if you do not agree with me this is the most rational method of fighting alimentary disorders I do not bid for your patronage.

From all her family and kin a gift she will expect; If what she wants and what she gets fail fully to connect. A child will run along her spine and nip the sprouting wings, She'll unfold, as she tells "The Worth of Simple Things."

Cactus, instead of petroleum, that is being tested by the sanitary authorities of Gabon, French Africa. The thick, pulpy leaves are cut up and macerated in water, and the sticky paste so formed is spread over stagnant pools, giving the isolating layer that destroys the mosquito larvae by preventing them from coming up to breathe. The paste retains its place for weeks and months, while the petroleum quickly dries up and disappears in the fierce heat of a tropical sun.

### WATCH JEWELS

Within the last few years nine new jewel settings have been adopted for the movement of a first-class watch. These new jewels have created a renewed demand for expert jewel setters, and at present nearly every watch factory in this country is producing less than its capacity because of this lack of setters.

Each stone is shaped to a circle, and bored through the centre, each boring being just a little less than the diameter of the pinion used in the factory where it is finally to be placed in the upper or lower plate of a watch.

Before the jewel gets to the setter it has been put into a lathe, and by means of a minute steel point covered with diamond-dust and oil the centre has been enlarged to fit the steel pinions which are to be housed in it. In the hands of the setter the cylinder is put into a lathe. With a moistened finger the jewel is picked up and placed inside the cylinder as it rests on the tip of the revolving lathe shaft. With a pointed tool the setter presses against the revolving cylinder edge, forcing the soft metal to overlap and close upon the sapphire or ruby till it is embedded firmly in the metal cushion; then a pressure upon a follower at the other end of the lathe brings a cutter to bear upon the metal circumference, turning it to the exact size of the jewel hole in the plate of the watch, with the hole in the centre of the jewel exactly in the centre of the metal setting.

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### PRICE OF BEEF CONTINUES HIGH

WASHINGTON, June 15th.—To increase the supply of beef and thereby lessen its cost to the American householder is one of the principal objects underlying the efforts of the Department of Agriculture to secure a profit that will thrive in the semi-arid regions of the Northwest. Beef and beef products are said to have reached the highest prices recorded in 20 years, and the dealers claim this is due to the scarcity of cattle.

The beef market at present is being supplied by corn-fed cattle, which always bring the highest prices. Grass-fed cattle are not as good in quality as those fed on corn. The beef that is secured from the cattle having protein foods included in their fare is considered the best, and, despite the contentions of vegetarians, it is generally conceded the human body must receive its muscle-making food from meat containing proteins. It is to increase the supply of this kind of beef by increasing the protein belt in the West that the Department of Agriculture has again sent Neil S. Nansen of Brookings, S. D., to make a thorough investigation of the plant life of Northern Russia and Siberia.

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### SCIENCE NOTES

The cable repair business in the Arctic regions is very active. In the last few years a great deal of submarine cable was laid by the Government and by private enterprise, but the service has been rendered unsatisfactory because of the great number of breaks which are occurring all the time. These are mostly due to earthquakes and volcanic disturbances.

"We welcome, then, not only the individual election of Professor Kinsman to the episcopate, but also the true rating which the Church is giving to those who have devoted their talents to the difficult and generally thankless task of building up the Church's educational institutions."

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### A STORY WITH A MORAL

There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise. When business got a little dull He'd always advertise.

And when his goods were all sold out, And all his might and main He'd hustle 'round and get some more And advertise again.

And now that man is very rich, And he just retires. While the firms that didn't advertise Have most of them expired.

—*Somerville Journal.*

### WORLD'S CONSUMPTION OF COFFEE

Consul James E. Dunning of Milan, reports, according to statistics published in a leading coffee-trade journal, the world's consumption of coffee in 1907 amounted to 16,825,000 sacks, of which 6,980,000 sacks were consumed in the United States, 3,050,000 sacks in Germany, 1,625,000 sacks in France, leaving 5,170,000 for consumption in all other countries. The Consul adds that the consumption of coffee in Italy is only 1.44 pounds per capita.

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### CURES BLOOD, SKIN ILLNESSES, CANCER, GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER FRESH

If your blood is impure, thin, diseased hot or full of humor, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, ulcers, skin diseases and bumps, scabies, pimply skin, boils, abscesses, rheumatism or any blood or skin disease take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Soon all sores heal, aches and pains stop and the blood is made pure and rich. Druggists now express \$1 per large bottle. Sample free by mail. Botanic Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases, as it cures after all else fails.

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### PROSPERS ON LITTLE LUMBER

Europe has demonstrated that a country can be prosperous and develop on a very small amount of lumber. Practically speaking, there is not a wooden shingle in the whole of Europe, while frame houses are rare. Lumber yards in some countries of Europe hardly exist.

Colonel F. W. Maude, of the English Army, who has seen the model work,

says that the results claimed are certain to be realized. The inventor states that the greatest experts of England have seen, examined and witnessed the working of the model and expressed their entire satisfaction of its practicability. It is claimed, says Popular Mechanics, that the gun can impart the above velocity to a shell weighing 2000 pounds without smoke, flash or recoil.

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### SHOOT FROM LONDON TO PARIS

A gun that if set up in London could bombard Paris is the latest European war invention announced to the public.

The inventor is a Scotchman, who claims that by the application of electricity he can impart a velocity of 30,000 feet per second to projectiles of any dimension now in use on board ships or in land defenses.

The Smithsonian Institution has offered a prize of \$1500, under the Hodgkins fund, for the best treatise "On the Relation of Atmospheric Air to Tuberculosis."

This prize will be awarded in connection with the International Convention on Tuberculosis, to be held in Washington from September 21st to October 12th next.

The award will be made by a committee appointed by the secretary of the institution, in conjunction with the officers of the congress.

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### BURIED ALONG THE ROAD

CANNON, DEL., June 15th.—Because the farmers refused to have his body buried on their farms, the remains of Robert Stewart, a colored man shot in a fight between berry-pickers, was buried beside the public road and a storm of protest went up from the farmers.

Deputy State Attorney Richards, of Georgetown, was appealed to and at once ordered Coroner Conaway to remove the body from the roadside and give it decent burial.

To this Conaway replied that he could get permission from no one to have the body buried, and the grave he had chosen was the best that he could find.

After considerable trouble, permission to use the ground of James E. Ward was secured, and the body of the negro was dug from the road and placed in a part of the farm. The man who did the killing is still at large.

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### A TRIUMPH OF SURGERY

Among recent wonderful surgical operations is one of a most daring and unusual nature.

An idiot child 6 years old, the daughter of a resident of Berlin, has been converted into an intelligent being by the process of grafting part of the mother's thyroid gland upon the child's pancreas.

In more popular language, says The London Globe, this means that part of the mother's throat has been transferred by the grafting process to a gland, or tissue, lying directly at the back of the stomach.

The operation was carried out by Dr. Kari Garre, an eminent German surgeon,

whose success in the transplanting of organs from one animal to another, and even from the lower animals to human beings, has attracted the attention of the whole world.

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### THE COMMENCEMENT ANGEL

Prepare the lace-trimmed lingerie, lay

out the silken hose;

Make bright the shoes with four-inch

feet and shuttle-pattern toes;

Draw forth the several feet of glove with

countless fastenings—

She's going to speak a thesis on "The

Worth of Simple Things."

She "beta" her satin gown will be the

envy of the class,

Anticipates they will stare when

Huffy she'll come;

To where, in mirror studied pose and

voise that vibrant rings,

She'll spout her fiery preachment on

"The Worth of Simple Things."

Her hair done up in Huffs and Puffs,

Her little robes she wears around her neck;

A glittering chain with pendant stones

she'll wear around her neck;

With shining bracelets on her arms and

fingers flashing rings.

The audience she will lecture on "The

Worth of Simple Things."

From all her family and kin a gift she

will expect;

If what she wants and what she gets fail

fully to connect.

A child will run along her spine and nip

the sprouting wings,

She'll feel unfolding, as she tells "The

Worth of Simple Things."

From the top of her head to the bottom

of her feet she'll be a picture,

She'll be a picture,

She'll be a picture,

## The Middletown Transcript

Mails Close as Follows.

Going North—7:25 a.m., 10:05 a.m., 4:05 p.m.  
6:00 p.m. and 8 p.m.  
Going South—8:00 a.m., 4:15 p.m., and 9 p.m.  
For Odessa—7:50 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m.,  
4:30 p.m.

For Warwick, Cecilton and Earville 9:20 a.m.,  
and 4:45 p.m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., JUNE 20, 1908.

### Local News

HORSE SHOEING.—Plain 75c cash  
Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. C. GREEN.

All the latest styles in wall paper at J. E. GINN'S. Long distance phone No. 108.

FOR SALE—300 split chestnut fence rails. Apply at TUESDAY OFFICE.

High-grade dental service. Examination and estimate, free. Dr. J. Allen Johnson, Middletown. Phone 18.

Dr. M. B. Burstall, Eye Specialist and Optician. Eyes examined. All work guaranteed. East Main St., Middletown.

High-grade dental service. Examination and estimate, free. Dr. J. Allen Johnson, Middletown. Phone 18.

All paperhanging done by me guaranteed to be satisfactory. Long distance phone No. 109.

J. E. GINN.

FOR SALE.—Partition suitable for office with 5 frosted glass windows and double doors. Apply to

P. R. P. SMITH.

Strawberry plants for sale, of the best varieties. E. J. STEELE, Main street, Middletown, Del.

For SALE—Ludwig upright piano, good as new, sold for the want of room.

Mrs. F. B. WILDS,  
Middletown, Del.

After June 1st, the Library hours will be as follows: Tuesday, 7 to 8:30 P.M.; Saturday, 3 to 5 and 7 to 8:30 P.M.

Let us estimate on your paperhanging before placing your order. Long distance phone No. 109.

J. E. GINN.

The ladies of God M. E. Church will hold a festival in the Church Grove this (Saturday) evening, June 20th. Every body welcome.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.—We contract in Delaware and Maryland for the best wire fence made. See us before buying and be convinced.

ALGER & WILSON.

Now on storage in our ware-houses a Bear and Middletown, Del., fertilizers for all Spring crops. Send along your teams for any goods you may need. Prompt attention. Orders for LIME promptly shipped. Your patronage is solicited.

JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society will hold a bake in the front office of Mr. J. L. Shepherd on Saturday, June 28th, when pies, cakes and other good eats will be sold.

Everyone knows that all kinds of yellow pine lumber are sold everywhere very much lower this year than for many years past. This is not a local condition. No one will supply as good lumber for less cash than G. E. HUKILL.

Dr. J. C. Stites has removed his dental office to the building recently vacated by the Western Union Telegraph Co., next door to J. L. Shepherd's office.

A young turkey about three weeks old, owned by Miss Ella Rhodes, of Summit Bridge, has four perfectly formed legs. The fowl appears as thrifty as any of the flock, and quite a curiosity in that neighborhood.

At a meeting of the Town Board on Thursday evening the tax rate for the Town of Middletown was fixed at \$1.10. This is a reduction of 15 cents from the assessment last year, when the rate was \$1.25.

The town Commissioners have notified the property owners on West Green street to pave. J. C. Parker & Son Co., are having a cement pavement laid, which will be a great improvement to that section of our town.

The skating rink in the Opera House closed last week. In the few weeks Mr. Lofland has been here he has taken in \$873. One-tenth of the money was given to the Century Club for the assistance given the rink by the club.

Does your subscription fall due in June? Watch the label on THE TRANSCRIPT coming to you and send your remittance. Remember the postal law only allows us to give you one year credit. We will appreciate your attending to this matter promptly.

The postoffice department is enforcing the law against placing letters or other written matters in packages of the third and fourth class matter and collecting from violators a penalty of \$10. This law has lately been violated with considerable frequency and the postal authorities are determined to put a stop to it.

Unclaimed Letters.—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post office for the week ending June 11th: Miss Tressie Brown, Mrs. Hazelton (dead letter), May Leaden, (dead letter), Miss Lizzie Wilson, Mr. Andy Hayes, Mr. William Jackson, Mr. John Parris, Mr. E. H. Pierce, John W. Thomas, Mr. Arthur Tiller.

Children's Day service will be held tomorrow (Sunday) evening at 7:30 o'clock in Drawyers' Church, Odessa. Special orchestra will assist in this service. The program arranged by Adam Geibel will be used and the selection this year is especially fine. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present. The program will not exceed one hour in length.

Don't be backward about writing a little note if you have any news items for publication. We are always glad to receive them. Many people in town already have the habit, and we would be glad if every one of our subscribers would do the same thing. You would be surprised at the newsy paper we could issue every week.

The greatest problem that confronts our people at the present time is that of dogs. In the language of our forefathers, there are dogs, more dogs, and lots of dog; in fact a stranger visiting our town and unacquainted with the color of our population, would declare without hesitation, that he had got off at an Indian Village, where there are always ten dogs to every Indian. What is to be done to rid our town of dogs, is something that the present council should busy itself with.

The price of beef which has been high during the last three months, was again advanced this week, making the present wholesale price the highest ever reached. The best beef is now quoted wholesale at 12 cents a pound. This price is about 1 cent a pound higher than last week. The lower grades of beef are quoted wholesale at 9 to 9½ cents, also about 1 cent higher than a week ago.

In the absence of the Rev. George J. Jones, the Rev. J. A. Arters will preach in Bethesda M. E. Church on to-morrow (Sunday) both morning and evening. On Sunday, June 28th, the District Superintendent, Rev. W. G. Koon, will occupy the pulpit in the morning and the Rev. William H. Hutchins will officiate at night. The public is cordially invited to attend all of the services.

At a recent meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society of Forest Presbyterian Church, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Mary Rothwell; vice-president, Miss Mary Nowland; recording secretary, Miss Bernice Metten; corresponding secretary, Miss Rothwell; treasurer, Miss Maude Deakyn; organist, Mrs. S. E. Lewis. Lookout committee, Misses May Holton, Susie Ellison, Maude Deakyn and Mary Maxwell. Prayer meeting committee, Mrs. A. M. Heaton, Misses Annie Ellison, Bernice Metten and Elizabeth Hall. Social committee, Misses Martha Heaton, Nellie Rothwell, Susie Ellison and Myrtle Houston and Mr. William Armstrong. Sunday school committee, Mr. J. F. Deakyn, Mrs. S. E. Lewis, Mrs. G. D. Kelley, Miss May Holton. Missionary committee, Mrs. A. M. Heaton. Music, Mrs. F. B. Wilds, Middletown, Del.

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For SALE—Ludwig upright piano, good as new, sold for the want of room.

Mrs. F. B. WILDS,

Middletown, Del.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

Exercises Were Held in the Opera House Last Evening

The commencement exercises of the Middletown High School were held in Opera House last evening, when a large and appreciative audience greeted the class. The address to the graduates by Dr. G. M. Phillips, of West Chester State Normal School, was well received, and the program which follows, pleased the audience:

Music ..... Orchestra

Invocation

Music—Chorus ..... "Greeting," Blanche Taylor Deakyn

Music—Chorus ..... "Robert of Lincoln"

Music—Chorus ..... "April Shower"

Recitation, "The Chambered Nautilus," O. W. Holmes

Miss Louise Masters Eves

Solo, "The Flower Girl," Bevignani

Miss Nellie Martin

Recitation, "The Bear Story," J. W. Riley

Miss Louise Masters Eves

Essay, "The Land of the Midnight Sun," Mary Elizabeth Richards

Music—Chorus ..... "School is Over"

Presentation of Diplomas

G. D. Kelley, President of School Board

Solo, Miss Nellie Martin

Address ..... Dr. G. M. Phillips

West Chester Normal School

Duet ..... "Lullaby"

Marion Vinyard and Grace Weston

Music—Chorus ..... "Sunset Peace!"

Benediction.

Music ..... Orchestra

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DISTILLERY AGITATES SMYRNA

Casper's Mill Site Said to Be Leased For That Purpose

The temperance people of Smyrna and Clayton are up in arms over the report which seems to be authentic, that a distillery is to be erected on the old Casper's Mill Property, just across the Kent County line above Clayton. Tuesday morning Vice-President John P. Hudson of the Duck Creek Hundred Law and Order Society, and Rev. Dr. Robert Watt visited Clayton, and were informed by John JanGeel that he had rented the old mill property to a man in Maryland. It is understood that the renter will begin the erection of a building on the site in a few weeks. The renter, it is claimed, has his Government license and will soon apply for a State license. The latter he will be procured from the State Treasurer upon the payment of \$500 annually. With the facts that were obtained, it was determined to call a meeting of the Duck Creek Hundred Law and Order Society Friday evening. A delegation from Clayton met with the Society to discuss means of preventing the issuing of a State license. The good people of Clayton and Smyrna are indignant over the report and a tremendous remonstrance will be made against any attempt to operate a distillery in this vicinity. Kent county is now "dry" and to place a "rum hole" just across the line in New Castle County, in hundreds that have already shown by a decisive vote (but were prevented from enjoying the fruits of their victory) that they do not want such an institution, is particularly nauseating.

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PEASANT RECEPTION

Mrs. Julia Cann gave a delightful reception last Saturday evening from 8:30 to 11 o'clock, at her pleasant home on Cass street. The affair was in honor of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cann, 3d, of Hannibal, Mo., who are visiting her.

The guests were received by Mrs. Cann assisted by Miss Grace Cann and Mr. and Mrs. Cann. In the dining-room, they were met by Mrs. Richard L. Naudain, Misses Mary Beaston, May Holton, May Clayton and Eugenia Beaston, who served them with delightful refreshments.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cann, 3d, Hannibal, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Cann, Newark, Miss Edna Ellison and Miss McCluskey, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cann, Jr., Mrs. J. B. Cazier, Mrs. James Ford, Anna Ellison, Jessieanna Cann, and Lee, William and Richard Cann, Leslie Ford, William Veasey and Dr. Walter Cann, Kirkwood; Miss Penny, Havre de Grace, Md.; Miss Anita Ellison, Wilmington; Mr. and Mrs. Boyd McCoy, Misses Susie and Annie Ellison, Summit Bridge; Mrs. Adelle Green, Mrs. Clara Clayton, Mrs. R. L. Naudain, Dr. and Mrs. John C. Stites, Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Townsend, Jr., Misses May Beaston, Helen Cochran, Clara Cann, Eugenia Beaston, May Clayton, Nellie Rothwell, and Mary Rothwell, and Messes Harry Lockwood, Julian Ford and James Lockwood.

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SWEET MEMORIES

Another school year has past, and the teachers and scholars are enjoying their vacations.

Can anything be more pleasant in the busy hum-drum of after years than to permit your minds to wander back to the days of school life; the sweet memories and incidents that will come back, the smiling faces and pleasant countenances; the old school house door that he so often admitted you, swinging back and forth on its hinges; while at your side stands the noble teacher who watched your every move and was as much interested in your success as you were yourself. As these recollections come back to you whose school life have been spent in this community, your eyes will moisten as you realize those days are now gone forever. Never again will those days return. You who for so many months and years have been like one family and participated joyously together in the school room and playground have doubtless pledged loyalty and faith to the school. You now step out of school life into life's school and will be scattered far and wide, but the memories of your school days will never form the brightest link in your chain of thought.

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PAYING UP SUBSCRIPTIONS

The newspapers are having all kinds of experiences collecting back subscriptions in compliance with the new rules laid down by the postoffice department. The following is reported by a Pennsylvania weekly:

"There was man by the name of—say Joe Doe, who sent us three notices to stop his paper. He didn't want it any longer. We wondered what was the matter. Upon investigation we found that John was short \$10. He had never paid a cent with standing bill paper, a certain amount of economy to us. He doesn't want us to lose any more by him. A few days afterwards Doe was at church and his melodious voice rang out loud and clear in that old stirring hymn 'Jesus Paid It All.' The next day we sent him a receipt for the full amount he had not known that he had made an assignment of his abilities."

### PERSONALITIES

Mrs. G. E. Hukill was in Philadelphia this week.

Miss Marion Cochran spent part of last week in Philadelphia.

Mr. Frank L. Caties, of Wilmington, was in town on Thursday.

Miss Martha Cochran, of Wilmington, visited friends here last week.

Miss Ellison, of Philadelphia, was the guest of Jones this week.

Miss Anna Talbot, of Clayton, was the guest of Miss Ada Scott over Sunday.

Mrs. A. M. Cox has returned home, after a visit with New Jersey relatives.

Mrs. J. C. Highe, of Philadelphia, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. A. Compton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Massey and little

of Dover, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. L. M. Pennington and daughter,

Miss Katherine, are sojourning at Rehoboth.

Miss Frame, of Milford, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Manlove Wilson, on Main street.

Mrs. Jaquith and little granddaughter,

Jane Johnson, are spending a few days at Atlantic City.

Miss Helen Biggs is home from the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y., for the summer vacation.

Rev. Alfred Smith and daughter, Miss Mary, of near Dover, are guests of his son, Dr. P. R. Smith and wife.

Mr. Charles Tonkin has resigned his position at the Middletown Hotel, and will leave for California on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Comegys, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Comegys.

Mrs. John B. Cooke has returned to her home in Philadelphia, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. G. W. Naudain.

Miss Myrtle Houston has returned home after an extended visit in Baltimore, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. M. Naudain.

Miss Valeria Genn, of Hartly, who taught school at Dale's Corner two years ago, is critically ill at her home. Her recovery is not expected.

Miss Gertrude McCrone, of St. Georges, and Miss Frances McCrone, of Baltimore, Md., are spending the summer with their mother, Mrs. I. R. McCrone.

Miss Louise Reynolds, of New York City, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reynolds of this town, sailed Wednesday on the Potsdam, Holland, American Line, for a European trip.

Mr. Thomas Pennington and two children have returned to their home in Sheffield, Mass., after an extended visit

## ... FOR TIM'S SAKE ...

BY DON MARK LEMON

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]  
You had a brother named Harvey Langton, I believe?

I did sir.

That brother went to Nevada in the early fifties, and he was not heard of again by you? Am I right, or wrong?

I understood that Harvey died in fifty-four.

No, sir, he did not. Ah, I knew I would surprise you! cried the visitor, pressing John Langton back into his chair, as the old man was about to rise. No, sir, he did not die; and what's more, sir, he's a rich man, a very rich man, to-day.

John Langton looked toward his wife, and the eyes of the old folks met; but neither spoke a word. Tim reached out his right hand, and drawing up a chair was seated. His left sleeve was pinned to his coat.

Yes, sir, a rich man to day. And I have been engaged to persuade two old people to pack up what stuff you want and move over to his home in Hill County, not three hundred miles from here, where you will have nothing to do the rest of your lives but enjoy yourselves.

Martha Langton rose and placed her hand on Tim's shoulder. Does that invitation, sir, include our boy Tim?

I was going to understand, said the visitor, that this young man is only nominally your son; that you adopted him when a child. In short, ma'am, that he is of no blood relation to either of you.

Our dead son, sir, could scarcely have been to us what Tim has been, and unless the invitation you bring is for Tim also, we can't accept it, can we John?

We can't, Martha.

Tim was on his feet. Mother, father, consider! This means a home for you—a beautiful home, and not a poor, mean little rented cottage like this!

No, Tim, said Martha Langton sorrowfully, the spot where you are not welcome would be no home for John and me. And yet by going away we can take off your shoulders a burden that it ain't right that you should longer bear.

Mother! pleaded poor Tim, the face of a young girl rising before his vision.

That's true, Martha, affirmed John Langton, nodding his head vigorously. That's very true. I think we best accept brother Harvey's invitation.

Should you reject it, sir, you will regret it the longest day you live. The visitor emphasized his assertion by striking the table heavily with his palm.

Tim bowed his head and was silent.

At last the old folks were ready for the journey. They sat side by side in the little depot, Tim and Alice waiting near to bid them God-speed and farewell. Martha was dressed in a black silk gown, saved and altered from an earlier day, while John was attired in his Sunday broadcloth suit. They had wished to make the journey in more humble attire, but Tim would not allow it. They were going to live with their rich kin, and it was proper that they should appear in silk and broadcloth.

As the moments passed, Tim grew more and more restless; he wanted to accompany John and Martha and see that they arrived safely at their destination. But no, Mr. Vanderhill, the lawyer, would be sufficient escort. Tim must stay and look after the cottage.

A loud whistle and the clang of a bell, and Vanderhill hurried in to report that the train was approaching. Martha Langton clasped her husband's hands and whispered: For Tim's sake!

For Tim's sake! whispered John Langton, returning the pressure of his wife's hand.

Then the old folks broke down and wept, and Alice and Tim, with tears in their own eyes, begged them not to take the journey—to come back to the little cottage and all stay together the rest of their lives. But Vanderhill pooh-poohed the pleading of the lovers as sentimental nonsense, and hurried the two old folks out upon the platform of the little depot, where John Langton, in the excitement of leaving-taking, kissed Martha good-by and Martha—poor old soul!—took off her shawl and threw it over the shoulders of Alice, as if Alice was the one who was going away.

Good-by, Tim! Good-by, Alice! May God bless you both!

The lovers stood on the depot platform and watched the train

under him, and his face turned a pitiful white; yet, clasping his wife's hands, he sought to comfort her, whispering that there were other poorhouses, and Tim never knew.

Oh, my good, kind dear lady! pleaded Martha, I know you will forgive two useless old bodies like we be for intruding here upon you; for we were told that this was the poorhouse—weren't we, John?—and we were so happy a moment ago to think—oh, that kind Heavenly Father, broke off the poor old soul, clasping her hands in despair, Tim must never know! It would break his heart!

Tim! Who is Tim? questioned the woman.

Tim's our boy, said John Langton simply.

Do you mean to say that you have a son, and he has allowed you to come to this?

No, no, you mustn't think that of Tim! Tim ain't that kind of a boy! Why, Tim's been the sole support of John and me for now going on most ten years—hasn't he, John?—and Tim's got only one arm. He lost his other arm helping the firemen when the paper-mill burned down. Why, Tim thinks we've gone off to live at a rich relative's.

There was a mystery here that concerned her charitable spirit to solve, and the woman begged them to tell her more about themselves and Tim.

Little by little, skillfully led on by their sympathetic horses, John and Martha Langton told how they had given their little all to a lawyer to represent himself to be the agent of a long-missing brother of John's, who wished John and his wife to come and live with him in a distant county; and how Tim had been deceived into believing that they, John and Martha, were going off to a pleasant home among their kin, never dreaming that they were going away to a poorhouse; how Tim would now marry Alice, and make a little home for himself and wife, as they had fifty years before; how they had been deceived and deserted by their lawyer, and now knew not what to do.

Profoundly moved, the woman listened to their simple, pathetic, heroic story, and when, with infinite pride and love, Martha took a little package from her bosom and disclosed a photograph of Tim, she examined the likeness with the deepest interest.

The picture was that of a young man of four-and-twenty, a broad-shouldered, clean-cut young fellow. He is a son to be proud of, said the woman, returning the photograph, with a deep sigh.

He is, indeed! was Martha's proud response.

From the little bundle lying in Martha's lap a small object fell to the floor. Her hostess stooped and picked it up and was about to return it, when a sudden change came over her, and she stared at the trinket in her hand with dilated eyes.

Oh, John, she's fainting! Martha cried in great agitation, as the woman swayed.

John hurriedly leaped forward, and with Martha's aid supported their hostess until they could place a chair under her. She had nearly fainted, indeed; but now revived, and holding out the trinket clasped in her hand—a string of coral beads—demanded: Where did you get these?

They were our boy Tim's, when he was a baby.

Your boy? the woman repeated a spasm of pain shooting across her face. Is he your boy, or an adopted son?

Martha was suddenly silent, and it was her husband who answered.

Hush, some one's coming!

It's the matron, whispered Martha. Say howdy-do to her.

Good afternoon to you, ma'am. John Langton rose and lifted his hat.

You are resting yourself, I see,

smiled the woman.

With hearts devoutly thankful for the kind providence that seemed to be watching over them in their extremity, the two old folks followed the woman into the house and partook of the warm tea and cakes that their hostess herself set before them.

You are strangers in this neighborhood, I presume? questioned the hostess with kindly interest.

Yes, ma'am, said Martha. John and me just got in on the cars.

Ah! Then you were not here last evening when the county almshouse burned to the ground.

Martha looked at her husband; then she cried out in pain: Oh, John, this bean't the poorhouse!

John Langton's knees shook

until it was out of their sight, then they walked together back to the little cottage.

How swiftly the train sped on! How it rushed through the valleys and thundered through the hill! How many, many hundreds of telegraph-poles flew by! How many farms were passed by on the right, and brooks and water-tanks and pastures on the left!

Finally the train stopped, and Vanderhill hurried John and Martha Langton to the side of a dilapidated four-seated buggy waiting at the depot. You are to drive straight to the poorhouse, were his directions to the hank, freckle-faced youth who held the reins of the team.

The youth stared incredulously then said something that the old folks did not overhear, but at which Vanderhill turned pale. He made as if to seize the lank young fellow and force the truth from him, as though the latter had lied, but suddenly forbore and, slipping a coin into his hand, whispered him some hurried directions. Immediately John and Martha Langton were helped into the dilapidated vehicle, and the four rode away.

After the village had been passed, the horses were forced to a rapid pace, and soon the outlying grounds of a large and handsome edifice were reached. Here the horses were stopped, and Vanderhill got down.

Now, my good people, this is the place. You get off here, and we'll walk the rest of the distance. It wouldn't look well to ride up to the gate in a buggy; for they mightn't let you in. Then the lawyer reached out his hand and helped Martha Langton from the vehicle to the dusty road, and John Langton also got down.

So this is the poorhouse?

I believe I told you that before, said lawyer Vanderhill.

Martha Langton touched the lawyer on the arm. Oh, sir, do not be harsh with John and me! We need kindness now.

Vanderhill muttered something and, climbing back into the buggy, threw down a small hand satchel to the road. Then he leaned over and gave the horses a sudden vicious cut with the whip. The angered team, snorting and quivering, leaped forward down the road at a furious pace, throwing the lawyer back into his seat and shaking the vehicle until it seemed in imminent danger of falling to pieces.

Another minute, and the team had passed out of sight around a bend in the roadway, and John and Martha Langton were alone.

The former was the first to speak. He bean't coming back, Martha.

No, John, he bean't coming back.

The two old folks walked slowly and silently down the road, and came at last to the arched gateway of the handsome building before whose grounds they had been deserted—and behaved.

Let's go inside and rest ourselves a bit under the trees, said John. Maybe somebody will see us and come and welcome us?

Seems to be a right smart place for the county poor, don't it now, Martha? John Langton's old blue eyes wandered from the pleasant walks and stately trees to the handsome edifice beyond.

Maybe it's a gift of one of those rich men, like Tim reads about.

Martha was suddenly silent, and it was her husband who answered.

Hush, some one's coming!

We adopted Tim when he was a little thing of two years, or thereabout. We found him, Martha and me, sitting one morning a-laughin' and crownin' on our steps, playin' with a big bunch of timothy, and no one comin' for him, we took him in and raised him. Those beads were about the little one's neck the mornin' we found him.

Martha bent over the trembling form of her hostess and smoothed back the soft hair. We have found the mother of our boy, John, she said with infinite tenderness.

... Bad Year for Sealing

Sealing in 1907, according to a note by T. Southwell in the Zologist, was owing to bad weather and the heavy ice-pack, nearly as bad as in 1905, which was the worst since 1898. Two of the fleet of 24 vessels were wrecked, and the number of skins secured by the others fell short of last year's total by close on 100,000 with a decrease of rather more than the 30,000 lbs. in money value. The total number of seals killed was just over 245,000, the market price being \$4.20 per hundred-weight for those of young animals and \$3.00 for those of adults.

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The youth stared incredulously then said something that the old folks did not overhear, but at which Vanderhill turned pale.

He made as if to seize the lank young fellow and force the truth from him, as though the latter had lied, but suddenly forbore and, slipping a coin into his hand, whispered him some hurried directions.

Immediately John and Martha Langton were helped into the dilapidated vehicle, and the four rode away.

After the village had been passed, the horses were forced to a rapid pace, and soon the outlying grounds of a large and handsome edifice were reached.

Here the horses were stopped, and Vanderhill got down.

Now, my good people, this is the place. You get off here, and we'll walk the rest of the distance.

It wouldn't look well to ride up to the gate in a buggy; for they mightn't let you in.

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